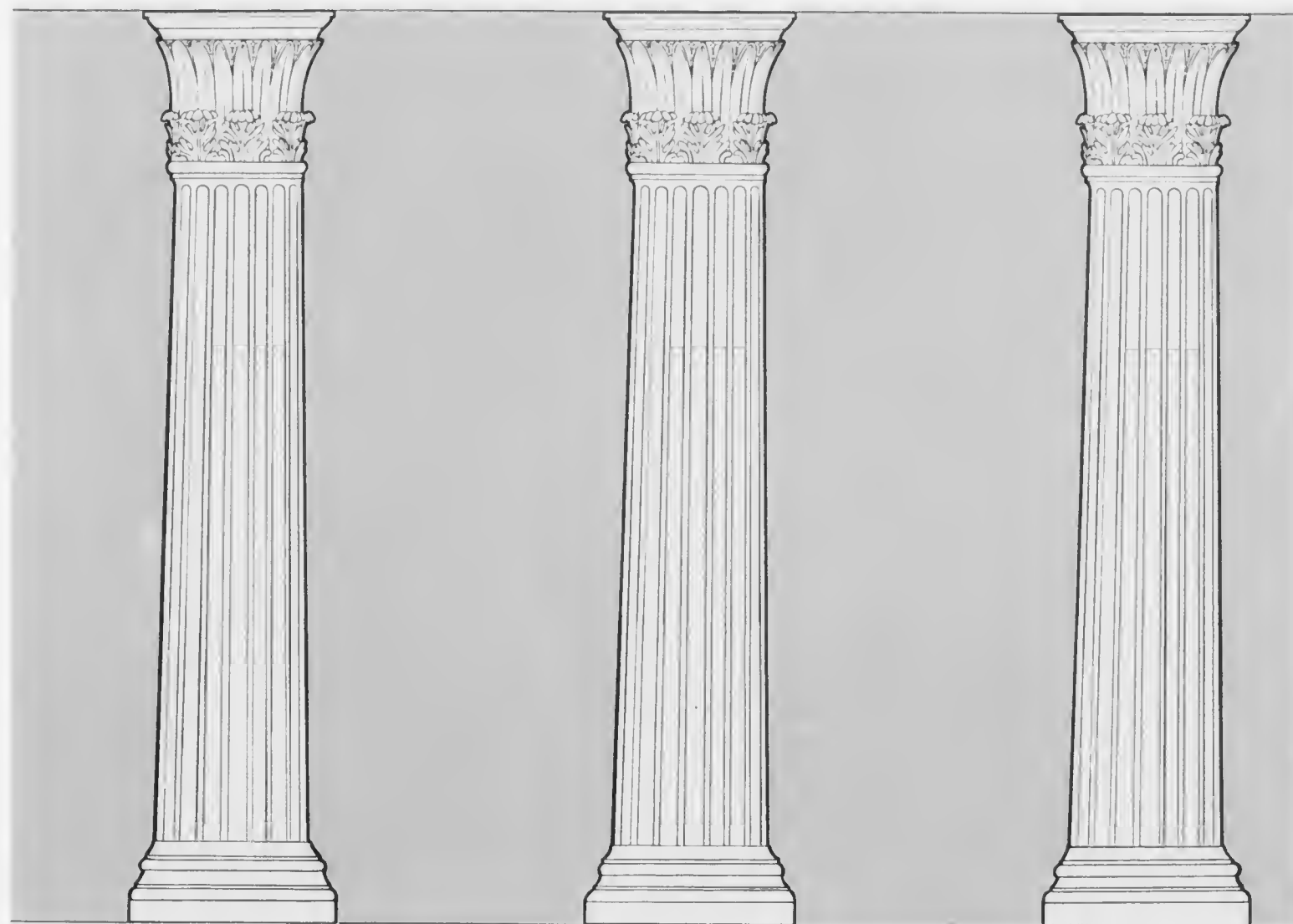


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I seem to be over-whelmed by a "nothing-lasts-forever" panic at the moment. It's the same old story, of course. Everywhere I see le monde qui se desintegre et je cherche toujours le permanent. Should my paper be stored in acid-free, lignin-free containers? Am I doing everything wrong? Will this very page crumble to bits by the year 2000? Why am I concerned with the year 2000? Why am I concerned with the year 1843 or the year 1685? At times I find myself thinking that I am the only one who cares about City Hall. It rained hard yesterday and the rain came through the roof in torrents above the landing in the main stair well. Probably only two or three people alive care. No history of Carbondale - why is it so important to me? People have asked themselves similar questions since the beginning of recorded time. How amusing - - because they asked themselves these questions we have "recorded" time and "non-recorded" time and there's your answer. And so the show goes on, as it must. So that a curtain raise or is that the central action? Where does it begin and where does it end? There is so little time. If you dance to the music, you have to pay the piper. Faythe used that proverb in a telephone conversation



the other night and it is a proverb that I like. "You've made your bed, now lie in it" seems to be closely related to the music/piper proverb. Yea, JVB did pass by my building and blow the horn on his cycle on 9/20/83. He and Harmon and Bob Matthews were out riding around on their cycles. I asked him (JVB) if so and he said yes it was him. On Wednesday I got up early and went to the NEWS and took care of some business there and then got the 11 AM bus to Scranton - \$1.10 one-way fare. Not bad, I suppose, for a 16-mile ride. Nevertheless, it seemed a bit high. I arrived at the